

THE
D U E L;
A
P O E M:

Inscribed to the Right Honourable
W^{illiam} P^{ultney} Esq;

*Quem Virum, aut Heroa, Lyra, vel acri
Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?*

HOR. Lib. I. Od. XII.

*Whate'er Assistance I have Power to bring,
T' oblige my COUNTRY, or to serve my KING;
Whene'er they call, I'll readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.*
POMFRET'S CHOICE.

L O N D O N:

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Gift of

Alexander Cochrane,
of Boston



A N

E P I S T L E to, &c.

FORGIVE the daring Rashness of the Muse,
 At least the Failing of a Friend excuse ;
 Can we the Danger of a *P-----y* learn,
 Our Breasts unpierc'd, with tenderest Concern :
P-----y who makes the Publick Cause his Care,
 The Friend of All, should sure to All be dear.

Honour, 'tis certain, is the greatest Good,
 And Life without it were a wretched Load ;
 A Load, a gen'rous Mind would sure disdain,
 Rather than wear it sully'd with a Stain :
 Yet still a just Regard to Life is due,
 And that Regard is multiply'd to you.
 So much the Patriot to his Country owes,
 He cannot freely of his Life dispose :

On

On Thee the *British* Liberties depend,
 Their firmest Champion, and their ablest Friend;
 No more then in the Cause of Party-Strife,
 Expose at once thy Country and thy Life.
 Ev'n Fame at such a Price forbear to buy,
 Nor risque the publick Safety ---'gainst a Toy.

Think not we slight thy Courage or thy Arm;
 When from so weak a Foe, we dreaded harm;
 P-----y so much is to his Country dear,
 That as we all things hope, we all things fear;
 But most that gen'rous, that too ardent Fire,
 (Fortune and Chance against the Good conspire)
 Small Force can shorten Life's uncertain Date,
 Such was the great *Achilles'* hapless Fate;
 Whom *Hector's* Manly Courage could not quell,
 By the weak Arm of feeble *Paris* fell.

Each Party-Pique is made by secret Mines,
 The Stale, for perpetrating black Designs:
 The private Murd'rer is with Danger hir'd,
 The Brave, by little Arts are quickly fir'd:
 Assassination wears a barb'rous Name,
 Rencontre does the Thing, and hides the Shame.

Remember

Remember *Hamilton*, and Gallant *Mohun*,
 Who Victims fell to Quarrels not their own ;
 Think on the Hand that push'd that Murder on,
 Nor think it base---his future Arts to shun.

Not that I'd hint this in the present Case,
H-----y's a Soul that could not be so base ;
 A Flight of Temper and unguarded Youth,
 Perhaps seduc'd him from the Paths of Truth :
 Warn'd by th' Event, he may again return,
 Repent his Errors, and his Follies mourn ;
 At least his Wounds the Marks of Honour are,
 And all its Marks, he in that Cause can wear.

O *P-----y* ! let thy generous Soul despise
 These little Arts, on which the Foe relies ;
 Thy Bosom glowing with a Patriot Flame,
 Go on to vindicate the *British* Fame :
 Let every honest Heart with Pleasure view,
Rome's God-like *Cato*, live again in you :
 Like his, thy Nervous Eloquence is strong,
 (Tho' blest with all the Sweets of *Tully's* Tongue)
 Like him, the Patron of the Publick Cause ;
 Like him, the Assertor of our Ancient Laws ;

B

Like

Like him, on Thee thy Country's Hope's repos'd ;
 Like him, by Faction and by Power oppos'd.

O *Cæsar* ! I forbear the Injury !
 To name my Heroes opposite with thee ;
 That were with more than *Cassius*' Rage to swell,
 And give a deeper Wound, than that by which
 you fell.

Our gallant Ancestors disdain'd a Yoke,
 They freely acted, as they freely spoke ;
 Famous for Virtues of severest Mould ;
 Their Iron they us'd---and were averse to Gold :
 Of honest Hearts---and of rough manly Sense,
 Curse on those polisht Arts that drove them hence :
 That to Corruption gave a softer Name,
 Tho' gilt the Pill, the Poison still the same.
 Since then, the *British* Glory has declin'd,
 Our Manners softned, as we grew refin'd :
 'Till in the present Age we are so polite,
 Each ancient Virtue seems forgotten quite :
 Our Honour, Country, every thing is sold,
 And all things he may purchase who has Gold.

Hence

Hence is our Wonder, when we gaze on you,
 A *L--ws--n*, *R--sb--t*, or a *W--ndb--m* view.
Britain, alas! is sunk to that Degree,
 A Patriot is become a Prodigy :
 O think how few that glorious Name deserve,
 And for thy Country's Sake, thy Life preserve !

Tho' Lawrel Wreaths the Conqu'ror's Temples
 grace,
 The Patriots Virtues claim the juster Place ;
 Can we dispute who most Applause should find,
 They who destroy, or they who save Mankind ?
 Misled by Custom, we such Trophies raise,
 To *Cæsar's*, and to *Alexander's* Praise ;
 Were ruin'd Nations, or were slaughter'd Kings,
 Such glorious Actions, or such worthy Things ?
 What Numbers did their thirsty Swords devour,
 Thro' Rage of Empire, and thro' Lust of Power ?
 Shall these with *Phocion* equal Honours share ?
 With *Cato*, and with *Tully*, these compare !
 Heroes, who of Mankind deserv'd so well,
 Who for their Country fought, and with it fell :
 From justest Motives they their Glory claim,
 Eternal Honours, and a deathless Name ;
 Succeeding Ages owe their Memory,
 For all those Virtues, which now shine in Thee.

Grandeur and Pomp attract an idle Gaze,
 But lose all Power wherever Wisdom sways ;
 Names never strike, but on the feeble Mind,
 'Tis Virtue only dignifies Mankind ;
 'Tis that alone can just Respect obtain,
 Without it Title's lost, and Ribbon's vain :
 The Crowd, that on the Courtier Chief attends,
 Of Sycophants compos'd, and not of Friends ;
 Who on his Power, not on his Person wait,
 Meer empty Shew, the Pageantry of State :
 Makes each impartial Eye this Difference see,
 'Twas Fortune made him Great---thy Merit, Thee.

O P-----y ! could the Muse with equal Lays,
 In shining Verse thy various Virtues praise ;
 Sweet as the Accents then should flow my Song,
 My nervous Thoughts be as thy Reasoning strong ;
 And every great Perfection that is thine,
 Transfus'd into my Verse should now be mine.
 These Lines, which as they are, must soon expire,
 Should then despise the Rage of Time and Fire ;
 The Perfect Poem stand secure of Fame,
 And be immortal, as thy deathless Name.